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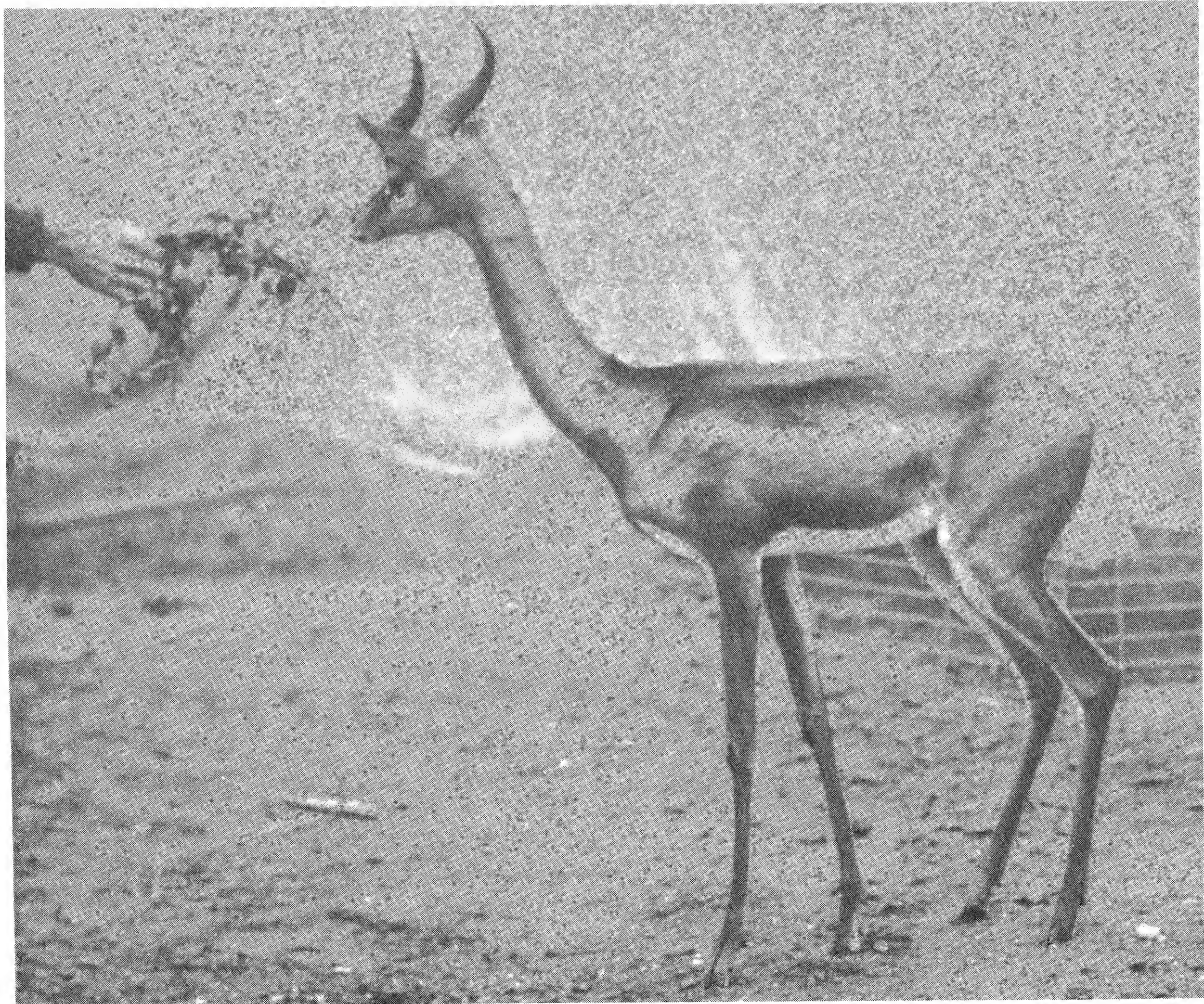


SPOTS and STRIPES



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Male Gerenuk

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THAT LOVELY GERENUK

Helping to inaugurate the Zoo's hoofed-stock area is one of the most decorative members of the animal kingdom, the gerenuk. This medium-small East African antelope has never been widely known outside Africa. Egyptians depicted them in tomb drawings thousands of years ago. In arid parts of Tanzania or Somaliland the sight of a gerenuk, perhaps poised motionless with forelegs planted atop an anthill, surveying the countryside, has brought an unforgettable moment to many a person on safari. Until recent years, however, they have been uncommon animals in zoos. Even NZP staffers who have seen them in pictures but not in flesh and blood have caught their breath in admiration of that graceful creature up on the hill. It is partly the long-limbed grace. It is partly the almost unearthly face, wedge-shaped, with dark streaks on each side that somehow suggest a mask expensively designed for Truman Capote's ball.

The gerenuk is also known as Waller's gazelle or the giraffegazelle. It ranges semi-desert country from Tanzania and Somaliland to Ethiopia, and can subsist for long periods without water, by feeding on succulent vegetation. Like the giraffe it depends for the majority of its food upon acacia leaves, and is known for its unusual habit of standing on hind legs, placing its forelegs high against a trunk or tree limb, and reaching with its long neck for high branches. When startled, however, the graceful vertical form suddenly goes horizontal as it moves away in a crouched trot, neck stretched parallel to the ground. The gerenuk is not a fast runner compared to most antelopes.

The first gerenuk possessed by our Zoo arrived in 1934, and was apparently the first to reach America. It is to be hoped that this fascinating animal will become better known. Aside from its good looks, the gerenuk has proved in several instances that it takes well to a zoo environment, becoming docile and delightfully tame.

—Jocelyn Arundel

THE RESPLENDENT ISLE

In October the annual meeting of the International Union of Directors of Zoological Gardens was held amid the tropical glory of the Delihala Zoo in Colombo, Ceylon.

On my way there, I stopped in Egypt, saw the Cairo Zoo and met its Director. Cairo has a lovely collection, strong on African antelopes. The gardens, which once were palace grounds, are tastefully laid out. It is a pleasant place to visit. I was particularly impressed with their new reptile house, their collection of Lady Grey waterbucks, and their scimitar-horned oryx. They also had an extensive collection of small gazelles from North Africa and the Arabian Peninsula. We at the National Zoological Park have the dorcas gazelle; the Cairo Zoo not only displays this member of the family but four other closely related types, including the Ariel gazelle and the Persian gazelle. There are 80 animal keepers working a six-day week!

The Assistant Director, Dr. H. Saber, who is also a veterinarian, and I had a most interesting discussion about the possibility of joint collecting expeditions into some of the more remote parts of Egypt. And of course we discussed the possibility of animal exchanges.

The Colombo Zoo, in my opinion, is one of the finest zoos in the Orient. It has a comprehensive collection of animals but naturally emphasizes Asian species. They have a world-famous elephant show, twelve in-residence performing elephants. Their show was as good as any I have seen in any circus.

The Delihala Zoo has made some exchanges with Red China. They have the rather larger, more deeply red lesser panda from the Chinese side of the Himalayas, as well as a breeding trio of bharal or blue sheep. The only ones ever exhibited in this country, as far as I know, were those brought back from Shanghai in 1937 by Dr. Mann. Several young ones were born and raised here, but the herd has now died out. Colombo has an excellent collection of tigers and, of course,

of indigenous birds. Interestingly enough, one of the main problems in the Zoo is to protect the animals from the torrential rains and the tropical sun. There is a good reptile collection, as well as a small aquarium, with both fresh and saltwater fishes. The reef fish were particularly beautiful.

We made a field trip to Yala National Park in the southeastern corner of the island for three days. This was my first opportunity to see wild elephants, sambar deer, chital (axis) deer, and sounders of wild swine. Although this was not the best season for birds, those present were enough to satisfy my soul with their beauty and diversity. The wild peacocks were taller, more brilliant, more stately than any I have ever seen. Despite the fact that I have heard peacocks call in zoos and on private estates, the thrill of hearing the morning call of a wild peacock is almost unbearable. I'll be the first to admit that it is an unbeautiful sound but to hear it roll out over the jungle is something great. Another experience I had not had before was the early morning sound of the babblers. Standing in the woods at dawn you were inundated with the sound of babblers. I had never realized how aptly these birds were named until I had this experience.

This area is not the tropical rain forest jungle. It is open country that reminded me more of the chaparral country of Texas, although the trees were somewhat higher. We saw a mother elephant and baby cross the road. They went into the brush about 20 feet and stopped. Our ranger pointed out where she was, and yet our urban eyes could not detect her, so dense was the cover.

The beaches of Ceylon, facing the Indian Ocean, are among the most picturesque I have ever seen — white coral sand fringed with swaying palm trees, the blue ocean, white waves breaking on the beach — everything but Dorothy Lamour.

We took another side trip to Kandy where we saw the tea plantations, the working elephants, and I was most impressed by the Varanus salvator. Some of these lizards that I saw rambling across the rice paddies were bigger than any I had seen in any zoo. It was

a great thrill to me to see these animals in their wild state.

The people of Ceylon are very kind and gentle, and hospitable in the extreme. The country is beautiful; truly it is the "resplendent isle." As Terence Murphy, the Director of the Dublin Zoo, said as we were sitting on the terrace of the hotel listening to the wild birds and watching the waves: "All this and fresh papaya too!"

—Theodore H. Reed

LLAMAS

The National Zoo's first seven llamas arrived from Ecuador in 1892, and were loosed "in the meadow above Rock Creek." In that year, concern was growing about the traffic jams caused by carriages as Washingtonians flocked to the Zoo to marvel at its collection of almost 500 animals. Much has changed, but llamas — like traffic — have been with us ever since. More than 120 of these South American cousins of the camel have called our Zoo home. Many have been born here.

Llamas have never been known as wild animals, having been found domesticated when the Spaniards reached America. It is generally thought that the Incas developed llamas from the guanaco, a similar animal that still ranges wild in parts of South America. Traditionally the Indian has used them as beasts of burden capable of carrying heavy loads, without tiring, even among the rugged mountains. Jerked llama meat provided food, while fat was used for candles. Droppings have supplied fuel for fires, and the dense fine llama wool has given clothing.

Llamas, along with the other South American cameloids (guanacos, vicunas and alpacas), are similar to their cousins the camels in a number of ways. Like camels, they have a three-chambered stomach and a pacing gait. Reportedly, they have in common certain habitual displays of temperament. In other words, they spit with dismaying accuracy. The keepers at our Zoo, however, roundly

deny that their llamas have ever offended in such a gross manner. Keeper Leo Slaughter, who considers them as tractable and good-natured as any animal in the Zoo, says that the alpacas and guanacos may bite now and then, but not the llamas. And spit? Never.

Our Zoo now has six llamas with the recent additions of Pepsi, born last September, and Brandy, a husky two-month-old. (Recent Zoo llamas have been named for drinks, and we have Coffee and Cocoa.) Little Pepsi became quite a pet, having been raised on a bottle (filled with milk, not Pepsi Cola) after his mother's supply failed. He was given a choice pen in one corner of the large mammal house, right beneath the cool supervisory stare of a lot of giraffes. He seemed to like it there. Pepsi, who is now thriving on a more grown-up diet of grain mixtures and hay, apples and carrots, has the unusual distinction of being blue-eyed.

Brandy, the younger of the two baby llamas, is already the larger of the two. Keeper Slaughter rightfully calls her "one of the prettiest llamas you could imagine." She is handsomely marked, all beige and creamy white except for her dark-ringed eyes. Her dense woolly coat looks like some brand-new and expensive toy.

At one time, the Zoo's llama community was producing young in such generous quan-

tity that special thought was required to find names for them all. Zoo director William Mann found a solution by naming them after the children of Mary Ellen Grogan, of the Friends of the National Zoo. One small Grogan child once left the Zoo in tears after a visit that had not taken in the llamas. "But I didn't see me!" she wailed.

The llamas have been moved into the new hoofed livestock area where they bask in the winter sunshine and seem far showier than in their old quarters. We might call this the "Year of the Blue-eyed Llama" in honor of little Pepsi and — who knows? — mark it as the amazing year when the newly planned Zoo solved the problem of traffic jams.

—Jocelyn Arundel



Sonny Stroman with baby llama "Pepsi".

NZP's Headkeeper, Large Mammal Division

Blond, buoyant and bon-hearted is our headkeeper of large mammals, Herbert R. Stroman, Jr., better known as Sonny. Looking hardly a day over 20, Sonny started working at the Zoo almost 10 years ago, and it seems he comes by his love of and gentleness with animals quite naturally. Growing up on 37th Street in Georgetown, Sonny can recall a whole string of animal pets—cats, dogs, crows, rabbits, raccoons and possums cherished by the family; Mrs. Stroman senior now is an expert baby-gibbon-raiser after having a total of four.

Sonny's whole career has been animal oriented. At 16 he went to work for a pet shop, and he stayed in the business until joining the Zoo in May of 1957. Even now with a family of his own (three small boys and wife, Mary, who is as interested in pets as her husband) Sonny has a houseful of critters. One mare, 8 poodles and 4 cats currently belong personally to the Stromans. But this isn't counting the gibbons, sloth bears, porcupines, deer fawns, reindeer, dingos, llamas, pygmy hippos, and others too numerous to mention, that Sonny has taken home from the Zoo, reared, and helped along the road to maturity.

But it's far from just baby animals that benefit from this ability, understanding and softly spoken tender loving care. Sonny is every bit as much at home with our adult and massive white rhinos, elephants and giraffes, actually all mammals, great and small. But I did get him to confess that probably topping his list of favorites are the prolific pygmy hippopotamuses.

Whether crating a one-ton giraffe or gently bathing a new-born 12-pound pygmy hippo, there's only one thing I know of that would dampen Sonny's joie de vivre. Don't ever — just don't EVER paint his elephant house battleship gray.

—Marion P. McCrane

Every now and then I get stumped by a request that comes in from the public over my telephone. The request that won the year's award for stumpiness was the one from a woman who asked me how much a whale would cost. Quite often a mother, or a father, will call and ask the price of a monkey which their child has requested for a gift. But a WHALE?

Sparring for sufficient time to collect my wits, I inquired whether she wanted the price of a live whale or a dead whale. I know so few people who keep whales for pets that this request had me slightly nonplussed. Her response was: "Well, a live one, of course." I turned this around in my already whirling brain and came up with what I thought was a suitable answer, to the effect that I was unable to give her the selling price of a live whale but perhaps I could estimate the value of a whale that had been processed for its oil, etc.

After some hesitation, the woman thought that price would do and how much would it be. I'm sure the woman must have thought that I was "nit-picking" when I told her that the price would vary, depending upon the size and kind of whale, but she said that the price of an average whale would do and she wasn't particular about the kind. Trying to be as accurate as possible, and yet not having the vaguest idea as to the current value of whale oil, I told her around four thousand dollars should be a fair price.

At this point the telephone nearly fell out of my hand as she screamed: "FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS!" As quietly as possible, considering my shattered eardrum, I repeated the estimated value. It was so quiet at the other end of the line I thought she must have hung up but then I heard a deep sigh and the woman asked if I were sure of the cost. I told her that if I knew her problem perhaps I could help her in some way.

With tones of utter despair she told me that her husband had seen a carved wooden

whale in a store and wanted to buy it. The cost was forty dollars and she thought this was outrageous; it was too much money to spend on a dust-catcher, and her clincher had been that he could buy a live whale for that amount of money. Her final wail into my ears was: "Now what am I going to tell George?"

—Sybil E. Hamlet

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The Friends of the National Zoo
Are quite truly a list of Who's Who.
'Tho they're not always right
(They prefer tigers white)
Just reflect on the good that they do.

* * * * *

THE BOOKSHELF

Men and Pandas, by Ramona and Desmond Morris. McGraw-Hill Book Co., 223 pp. Illus. \$7.95 (publication date, February 1967).

Desmond Morris, Curator of Mammals at the London Zoo, and his wife Ramona have written an absorbing book about the giant panda, an animal they describe as being "as much loved as it is little known." They have assembled every available scrap of information about the big black-and-white beast, and have added their own observations on pandas in captivity.

The chapters of the profusely illustrated volume cover the beautiful red panda, the discovery of the giant panda, the panda killers, the panda pursued, pandas in America, the London pandas, the panda as an animal, and the appeal of the panda. The giant panda was unknown to the western world until 1869, when that indefatigable French priest, Abbé Armand David, (who also discovered the Chinese deer named for him) sent a skin to the Paris Natural History Museum. Père David thought the skin was that of a new species of bear, but further studies showed that it was a relative of the much smaller red panda.

The "panda killers" were the men who went out to shoot specimens for museums:

Teddy and Kermit Roosevelt for the Chicago Museum, Brooke Dolan for the Philadelphia Academy, and Dean Sage for the American Museum in New York.

"The panda pursued" tells the story of the exciting race between Floyd Tangier Smith and Ruth Harkness to bring the first live panda to America or Europe. Mrs. Harkness succeeded, and brought Su-Lin to this country, the panda that became the object of so much affection at the Brookfield Zoo in Chicago.

The chapter on "The Panda as an Animal" tells of the anatomy, the famous "sixth claw" of the panda, its curious digestive system, the difficulty of distinguishing between the sexes in young animals, food habits in the wild and in captivity, and mating habits as observed in captivity.

The authors evidently love their subject; they write well and wittily. . . "The British public were once again busy with their favorite occupation of putting animals before people and then hating themselves for it." They even quote a music-hall song which went:

"I think I understand a
Giant Panda;
Why should she, while supplied with
Bambo shoots
Give two hoots?"

—L. Q. M.



Recent acquisition; two lesser pandas soon to go on exhibit.

Last Chance on Earth, by Roger A. Caras. Illustrated (brush and ink) by Charles Fracé. Chilton Books, Philadelphia. 1966, \$12.95.

The subtitle of this conservation-oriented book is "A Requiem for Wildlife," and it is a sad account of what man has done to his environment and to the wild creatures of the world. It consists of a series of brief essays, two to three pages each, dealing with forty different species that are now on the list of "vanishing animals." These include the Arabian oryx, the Florida Key deer, the Cretan wild goat, the Javan rhinoceros, the Guadalupe fur seal, the tuatara, the whooping crane, the ivory-billed woodpecker. In each case Mr. Caras tells why the animal is nearing extinction — man's fault, of course, either through hunting and killing, or destruction of the natural habitat.

If the price of the book seems a trifle exorbitant, the reader is told: "A portion of the earnings of this book will go to the World Wildlife Fund to help save the world's wildlife and wild places." It is recommended reading by the World Wildlife Fund.

—L. Q. M.

ENIGMATIC EGGS

There are good eggs, and there are bad eggs. There are rotten eggs, fresh eggs, Easter eggs, deviled eggs, and pickled eggs. Then there are Zoo eggs.

The latest, coddling up so much publicity, are two laid a couple of weeks ago by the black-footed penguins. Some checking into the situation, though, casts long shadows of doubt and reaffirms the old adage "never count your penguins before they hatch." Kerry Muller strongly suspects (we hope he's wrong) that these two lovely-looking eggs were produced by the group's two extra female penguins that have no mates. Hence, chances are, the eggs are infertile . . . which brings to mind another Zoo egg story.

Many years ago (15 or so) an earlier vin-

tage pair of Humboldt penguins shared an enclosure here with a variety of waterfowl, and one fine day mama penguin was discovered sitting on an egg. Both birds carefully guarded their treasure and took turns sitting, and sure enough, some 42 to 45 days later the egg began to crack. It hatched and out stepped a wee bar-headed goose chick! One look and mother penguin dove for the pool — with papa penguin in hot pursuit, determined to kill her. Keepers actually had to separate the "parent" birds. The gosling was rushed to an incubator where it thrived on human care. Eventually it grew to maturity. This is the only bar-headed goose ever successfully hatched at the National Zoological Park.

—Marion P. McCrane

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I guess it's all right
If a tiger is white
But if spotted or plain
I would coldly disdain
To discuss its genetical plight.

* * * * *

IN THE MAILBAG

Dear Mrs. Mann: Recently I had the pleasure of glancing through an issue of Spots and Stripes and was impressed by its content and layout. Since this is the type of publication which would appeal to our readers, I would be most grateful if some arrangement might be made whereby we might receive the publication. . . . Thanking you in advance for your help in this matter and trusting that the magazine will be a huge success, I am

Sincerely yours,

George H. Goodwin, Jr.
Librarian

American Museum of Natural History
New York



3 9088 01624 5177

Dear Sir: I want to thank you for the very lovely sketch of Mohini Rewa which you so kindly sent me. I also want to let you know that I have enjoyed very much all of the issues of Spots and Stripes and always look forward to receiving the next issue. It is such an excellent and interesting publication. I have saved all of the issues and hope that the binders mentioned in Vol. 3, No. 2 will soon be available.

I was pleased that Mohini was adopted as our trademark for she makes a very attractive "motif."

I am ordering two tiger ties and hope that some day it may be possible for some other "tiger" articles, such as ladies' handkerchiefs and scarfs, for example, to be designed and manufactured for sale. But I realize that that means a lot of work and would take much time.

Lillian F. Loveitt

(Editor's note: The binders are now being designed and should be ready when the next issue of Spots and Stripes is mailed. They will be announced.)

Dear Sir: The picture of the white tiger is a delight to have. Thank you for sending it to me. It shall be framed and be on exhibition to be seen by all visitors.

M. de B. Richards

Dear Mrs. Mann: While I have always been impressed with the quality of Spots and Stripes, I would like to compliment you on the new format. The publication is growing in usefulness to the Zoo and to the Friends of the National Zoo. You are to be complimented on your efforts and please accept my sincere thanks on behalf of the Zoo staff and all of the animals therein.

Theodore H. Reed

WHITE TIGER TIE

A number of the tiger neckties were bought as Christmas gifts, but there are still some on hand at 1725 N Street. Don't forget that Valentine's Day and Easter are coming up — Easter is early this year — not to mention plenty of birthdays. This exclusive item makes a much-appreciated gift at any time of the year.

Another nice gift is a subscription to Spots and Stripes. For \$2.00 a year you can have this newsletter sent to your favorite school, or Boy Scout troop, or Girl Scouts, or Boy's Club, or even your favorite niece or nephew.

WETA — Channel 26

Watch your educational channel on television on January 30th and/or February 4th. At 5:30 P.M. Dr. Clinton W. Gray will be featured in a program entitled "A Day in the Life of a Zoo Veterinarian." This was filmed in the National Zoological Park.

Lucile Q. Mann, Editor

Photos by David Long
